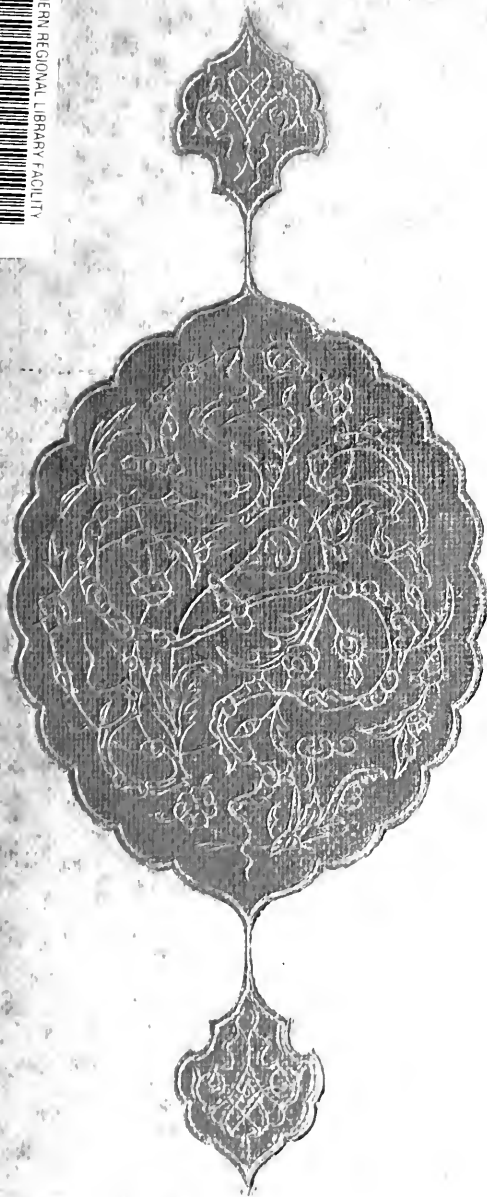


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VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS

E. J. W. GIBB



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Verses and Translations

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Verses

and

Translations

By

E. J. W. GIBB, M.R.A.S.

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P R E F A C E .

IN going over some old papers of my dear Husband's, his Mother and I found the following verses, written by him many years ago, put aside, and apparently forgotten. We both think them so sweet and simple, with a touch of his own nature entwined in them, that we have put them together, thinking that some of his true friends would appreciate this little memento of one who has too soon been taken from us.

We have also added a selection of his translations from different languages, Western and Eastern.

I. W. E. G.

15 CHEPSTOW VILLAS, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.,
APRIL, 1902.

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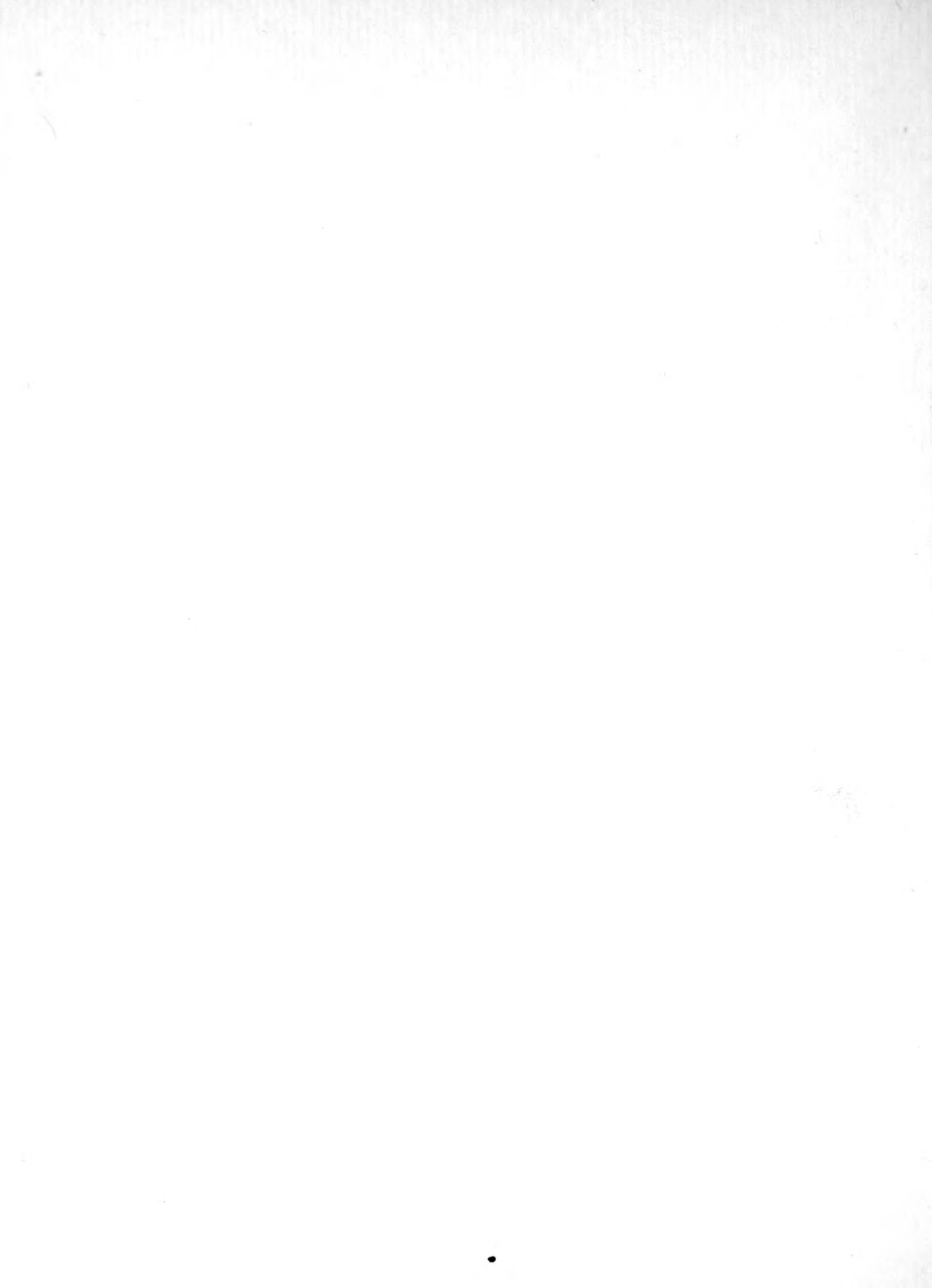
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“Love is life of all.

The Truth is life of Love.”

Ashiq Pasha.



VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS.

“BETHINK THEE, HEART.”

BETHINK thee, heart, how that when thou wast
born,

All round thee smiled, though thou didst weep
the while ;

And strive thou so that on thy dying day

All round thee weep, whilst thou, at peace,
may'st smile.

BALLADE OF THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

I KNOW a pleasaunce fair and bright,
Wherein the grass is ever green,
And where the roses know not blight,
And Autumn never bares the treen.
There many a lady, gay and sheen,
Doth o'er the sunny lawns advance
With many a knight and paladin :
For this is the Garden of old Romance.

There Emelye and brave Arcite
Greet Lancelot and Palmerin ;
And he who Cœur de Lion hight
Walks hand in hand with Saladin ;
There Nicolete and Aucassin,
With Charlemain, the King of France,
List to De Courcy's mandoline :
For this is the Garden of old Romance.

King Arthur and the Red Cross Knight,
Una and Guinevere the Queen,
With Sigurd bold, the Volsung wight,
Sir Galahad and sad Balin,
Wander the rows of flowers atween,
Or join in grave and courtly dance
With Percival and Lohengrin :
For this is the Garden of old Romance.

ENVOI.

Prince, when beset with dole and teen,
Or weary of the shifts of Chance,
Here you will find you rest, I ween ;
For this is the Garden of old Romance.

EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN, I. iv. 8.

I LOVE you more than I can ever say ;
Your love has breathed new life into my soul,
Which, ere it owned your sweetest, sovereign sway,
Lay in dull death-sleep, under Self's control.

But when, through grace divine, the love of you
Came and illumined all my soul with light,
Before that radiance, living, pure and true,
Self vanished like the shadows of the night.

It standeth written : " He who loveth not,
Knoweth not God ; " but now, through heavenly
grace,
The perfect beauty and the love of God
Shine on me, dearest, through your angel-face.

“Alla Gloriosa Donna della mia Mente.” 17

“ALLA GLORIOSA DONNA DELLA MIA
MENTE.”

ALL of my thoughts wing forth their flight to sea-
ward,

Where thou abidest by the gleaming wave ;
My yearning spirit ever straineth thee-ward,
Seeking for grace to bless and power to save.

Amid the weary round of stress and sorrow,
My heart finds solace in the thought of thee,
And how, perchance, some far-off golden morrow,
I may be all to thee thou art to me.

And here, where everything around me telleth
How fair God's handiwork unsullied shines,
Each sweet and peaceful scene to me revealeth
The stainless soul thy gentle breast enshrines.

Although it may not be my lot to wander
Adown life's pathway with thee hand in hand,
Still shall thy unseen presence point me yonder,
Where shines, in restful light, the sinless land.

SONG.

O THOU gentle, gentle river,
 Flowing where my love doth dwell,
Tell her I shall love her ever,
 Tell her that I love her well.

Whisper how my heart is gladdened
 When her gentle smile I see ;
Murmur how my soul is saddened
 When she turns her face from me.

Fair is my sweet love and tender,
 Dowered with every maiden charm,
Unto her my heart I render,
 And am saved from scathe and harm.

That she loves me not, I fear me,
 While for her dear love I yearn ;
Ah ! that her sweet smile should cheer me,
 For love seeketh love's return.

Yet I know that truest loving
 Looks not for reward or gain ;
Heaven hereby my heart is proving—
 No, my love is not in vain.

SONG.

FOR that no gentle heart
 May live alone,
But must its flower impart
 To some dear one,

Dost thou, my sweet, bestow
 Thy love on me,
Who gave, long, long ago,
 My heart to thee?

What time I heard that word
 On thy dear lips,
Grief passed and all discord
 In bright eclipse.

Before my dazzled sight
 Ope'd Heaven sheer,
And through the blinding light
 I saw appear,

Playing in full accord,
 The seraph throng ;
While all around I heard
 The angels' song !

Sweet love, since thou art mine,
 I seek no more ;
Fair love, since I am thine,
 All doubt give o'er.

Then let what will befall ;
 For shall not we
Go hand in hand through all
 Eternity ?

LOVE'S ANGUISH.

THE moonlight sleeps upon the silent sea,
Still lies my bark upon the waters' breast,
Sweet peace and perfect calm encompass me ;
Within my heart alone there comes no rest.

For through my weary heart a rapture thrills,
Ecstatic as the bliss that angels know ;
The while a sorrow all my being fills,
As sad as theirs who dwell in hopeless woe.

O waves, O moonbeams, can ye tell me this ?
Or is there anything that answereth ?—
O Love, why minglest thou with all thy bliss
An anguish bitter as the pang of death ?

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

VAINLY for e'en a moment's respite do I pray,
Time 'scapes and wings his flight.
I cry unto this night, "Abide!"—and morning's ray
Comes to dispel the night.

Ah well then, let us love, and in the passing hour
Haste to rejoice the heart,
Seeing man has no haven, and time has no shore :
It flows—and we depart.

Can then it be that those ecstatic hours,
When love gives us deep draughts of bliss to drain,
Fly from us with the swiftness that empowers
The flight of days of pain ?

Ah, may we not one trace thereof retain?
Can they be fled for ever, lost for aye ?
Will not that Time which gave, and then hath ta'en,
Restore them by and by ?

O Past ! O Nothingness ! O dark Abyss !
What do ye with the days that ye devour ?
Speak, will ye ne'er restore those hours of bliss
Which from our lives ye tore ?

STORNELLI.

FLOWERS of the mead !

Of all whom I have known and loved, not one
May aid me in this hour of sorest need.

Flower of the broom !

Is there on earth a sadder thing than love,
Which changeth all our gladness into gloom ?

Flower of the rice !

More beautiful my love than words may say ;
No fairer angel sings in Paradise.

Leaves of the vine !

Did she but know the anguish of my heart,
She must have ruth upon these tears of mine.

Flower of the clove !
O happy, happy he whose heart is free,
Who knows not of the bitterness of love !

Flower of the heath !
To hear her say, though but for once, " My dear,"
How fain would I descend the vale of death.

Flower of the may !
No more shall Spring rejoice me with her smile ;
Now Winter reigneth in my heart for aye.

Flowers of the field !
My love is withered, and my hope is dead.
I reckon of nought that earth or heaven can yield.

GHAZEL.

Ah, fond and faithful is the love I fain would
tender thee,
For all that thou with nought but cruel words dost
guerdon me.

Or e'er my eyes beheld that fairest, ruthless face
of thine,
I wist not how the meed of love should nought
but dolour be.

Full pleasant were my days of old, and bright with
many a flower
I gathered in the faëry fields of Art and Poesy.

Blithesome I wandered o'er the meads, when
 smiled the dewy morn ;
But now for me the joy is fled from field, and
 flower, and tree.

I lay in Iran's rosy bowers and heard the bulbul
 sing ;
I rode the woods of Breceliande in magic armoury ;

But now no roses bloom for me, nor any bulbul
 sings,
And o'er my Breceliande there rolls a grey and
 dreary sea.

“THESE TWAIN DID LOVE.”

O LAKE, dumb rocks, caves, forest dark and deep!
Ye whom Time spares, or whom it may renew,
Keep of that night, O lovely Nature! keep
 The memory still with you.
Let it live in thy storms and thy repose,
Fair lake, and in thy bright and smiling shore,
In those wild rocks and gloomy pine-tree rows
 Which hang thy waters o'er.

Let it live in the breeze which quivers past,
In the faint echoes thrown from side to side,
And in the argent star whose fair beams cast
 Soft radiance o'er thy tide.
Yes, may the wind which moans, the reed which
 sighs,
The fragrance floating through thin air above,
All things that one may hear, see, recognize—
 Declare these twain did love.

A PERSIAN PARABLE.

DISCOURSING of the quality of Love,
And teaching how, even as that fierce passion
Which usurps Love's royal name and style, doth
 seek to gain
Its own self-centred goal at whate'er price
Of other's tears and anguish, so true Love
Is by its nature glad self-sacrifice,
Nor shuns (be but the loved one helped in aught
 thereby)
Renunciation's bitter vale ; but there
Losing itself, doth find itself and win
To utmost bliss ;—teaching such truth,
Sádi, the Persian poet, tells this parable :

Once, long ago, in a far distant clime,
Two youthful lovers sailed the summer sea ;
Fair gleamed the shining wavelets as they kissed
The dancing bark ; and fair
Glittered the glad birds that, like living gems,

Flashed in the noontide sun. All round
For many a league bright shone the shimmering sea,
A gold and sapphire glory ; over head
Quivered the iridescent dome of heaven ;
But these, enthralled beneath the magic power of
Love,

Turned ever from such splendours to behold
A brighter summer in each other's eyes.

So sailed they on till sight of land was lost,
Forgetful of all things in earth and heaven,
Save of the other's presence, which to each
Brought heaven to earth.

When lo! the shining skies were filled with gloom,
The gold and sapphire glory turned to lead,
And sudden o'er them crashed the hurricane.
Forth leapt the jagged lightning, and the void
Trembled with lurid terrors, which the waves
Flashed shuddering back to the loud bellowing
skies ;

Down in blind tumult rushed the raging winds,
Lashing to wrath the billows, that they reared
Bemaddened crests, and each on other dashed
Like savage warriors ravening to slay.

Now buried in the black and cavernous trough,
Now tossed on high upon the toppling ridge
Of the wild waves, struggled the staggering ship ;
But close locked in each other's arms, those twain
Looked forth, with set lips and with steadfast gaze,
On the fierce warring of the sea and sky ;
For Death himself scarce less than welcome seems
When those who love confront him hand and hand ;
Till one tall billow, mightier than the rest,
Brake o'er the bark, swept her from stem to stern,
Smote on those two who sat with arms entwined,
And hurled them forth amid the blinding spray,
Mid-most the seething fury of the waves.
Someone on board flung forth a broken plank,
Crying above the roaring of the storm :
" Lay hold on this, and ye may yet be saved ! "

Then that true friend reached forth his hand and
seized

The tossing board, which all too slight he saw
To aught avail if both should cling to it.

So round it folded he full tenderly

Those dear, weak arms that oft had circled him,

And bidding her hold fast for Love's sweet sake,

Looked once more in her face, with smiling eyes,

O'erjoyed to serve her in the hour of need,

Then loosed his hold, and sank beneath the waves.

THE DAYSPRING.

DREARY stretched the desert pathway
Which the pilgrim spirit trod ;
Wrapt in mist lay flower and leaflet,
Silent seemed the voice of God.

Long and sore the road, and weary ;
Nigh forgot the heavenly goal ;
Doubt-bewildered, blinded, baffled,
Onward toiled the fainting Soul.

Thou appearest, and the darkness
Gathers up its wings and goes,
And the dreary desert pathway
Blossoms even as the rose.

Fairer far than earthly splendour,
Sweet as is an angel's dream,
Are the visions, pure and tender,
From the thought of you that stream.

Piercing through the gloom of sadness,
Driving far affliction's night,
Come they, like the beams of gladness
When the rosy morn is bright.

All around are unseen voices
Singing in the noontide sun :
“ Learn that Love is Lord triumphant,
And the heavenly goal is won.”

VILLANELLE TO HAFIZ.

SINGER of the Persian Rose,
Blithe and bright a life was thine.
Where Ruknābād in silver flows,

With the girl thy fancy chose,
Thou wouldst play beneath the vine.

Thou couldst banish all thy woes
With a draught of ruby wine.

Dear to thee were Springtide shows,
And the bulbul's lay divine.

Now thou takest thy repose,
Heedless of the fields ashine.

Still within thy garden close
Many a sunny hour is mine.

VILLANELLE.

MISTRESS mine, be good to me,
And I'll gaily sing to you,
And your Dickon true shall be.

Hang my cage where I may see
If the sky be grey or blue ;
Mistress mine, be good to me.

Give me ratton-tails for tea,
In the pleasant fields that grew,
And your Dickon true I'll be.

I am caged, while you are free ;
Never through the woods I flew ;
Mistress mine, be good to me.

Treat me kindly, and till we
Say our latest sad adieu,
I, your Dickon, true shall be.

Think, a spar's the only tree,
Only nest, I ever knew ;
Mistress mine, be good to me,
And your Dickon true I'll be.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A FRAGMENT.

I OFTEN dream I'm sitting, when the daylight fast
is flitting,
In a lattice-windowed chamber looking out upon
a court,
And in that eastern room there is rising through
the gloom
A little bubbling fountain that dances in its sport.

That stately orient chamber is walled with golden
amber,
And at my back the cushions are striped with
purple silk ;
My turban is of green, and my shoes are red I ween,
And my caftan, like my mantle, is as white as
camel's milk.

The water-clock is chiming with a silvery, measured
 timing,
 With a rippling, tinkling dimpling very pleasant
 to the ear ;
The violet sherbét in a silver bowl is set
 On a little stool of iv'ry that is stationed very
 near.

There resting after labour, beside me is my sabre,
 A crescent of keen steel with a hilt of precious
 stone ;
And I hear the Nubian's laughter and the joke it
 follows after,
 As I doze in state and listen while I day-dream
 all alone.

See my children and their mothers, and the many
dozen others

In the garden, and the bath room, the seraglio,
and kiosque ;

And as the day is closing and I am here reposing,
The mallas are now lighting the lamps in yonder
mosque.

Now, to-night, I am in clover, for the toils of State
are over,

No couriers come, nor word of war or peace in
Samarcand ;

All Persia is at rest, and the rising in the West
I can strangle when I will, with one strong grip
of my hand.

But as even Sultan's leisure sometimes ceases to
 be pleasure,
I rise, and calm and gravely clap three times my
 royal hands ;
Then quickly Shehrizád and the fair Dinarzád
 Come and seat themselves before me to obey
 my high commands.

Then o'er my visions looming through the pale
 blue smoke-wreaths glooming,
Curling from the fiery apex of a fragrant old
 cigar,
Calenders and stern magicians, brown and bearded
 old physicians,
Kings half marble, ladies fairer than the opening
 balsam far.

First Aladdin, cold and trembling, as so wily and
dissembling,

On the fire the swart Magician sprinkles incense
and perfume ;

Then the desert valley shakes, and the earth
beneath him quakes,

And he sees the trees of gold and the subterra-
nean gloom.

And next I see him staring open-mouthed with
fixed eyes glaring

At the palace that the Afrits built for him of
molten gold,—

At the precious stones that flame round the win-
dow's diamond frame,—

At the hangings of rich damask looped up costly,
fold on fold.

But soon the story changes, and anon my fancy
 ranges ;
 Ali Baba's sily watching, snugly nestled in a
 tree,
And the Forty Thieves appearing, ride by on
 steeds careering,
And the cavern's portals widen to the "Open,
 Sesame !"

Then the Little Hunchback's shambling soon sets
 the Tailor ambling,
 When the cruel, choking fishbone stops the
 revel and the dance ;
Oh ! the tumult and the fear in the city far and near,
 Till the Barber wakes him quickly from his deep
 alarming trance !

Now in Cashmír I'm walking, with a Persian
dervish talking,
And the Magic Steed is carried out into the
palace-square,
And the Negro, grim and black, leaping on the
charger's back,
With a hoarse and mocking farewell flies aloft
into the air.

Very soon he is beheaded, and through storm-
clouds safely threaded
Come the Hero and his Princess hurrying joyful
home again,
And with vibrating of tymbals, and with merry
clash of cymbals,
End in joy and noisy welcome all the bitter
hours of pain.

*

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FROM "AUCASSIN AND NICHOLETE:"

A MÆDIEVAL FRENCH ROMANCE.

NICHOLETE, the bright of blee,
Of the shepherds took her leave ;
Forth upon her way went she
Deep into the leafy weald,
By an old and ancient way ;
Till that she a pathway reached,
Where as seven roads did meet,
Which went forth through that countrie.
Then began to ponder she
How to prove her love, if he
Really loved her as he said.
Lilies took she, fair and sweet;
And the grasses of the mead,
Likewise took she diverse leaves,
Made a right fair hut of these,
Never aught so feat was seen.
By the Lord of Truth she sware
That, if Aucassin passed there,
And if for her love full sweet
Bode he not a space therein,
He should ne'er her lover be,
Nor she his love.

.

Aucassin did hear the words
Which his love, the fair, had told ;
Deep they sank within his soul.
From the shepherds went he soon ;
Entered far into the wood.
Quick the destrier went along,
Galloping he bare him on.
Then he spake, and said these words :
 " Nicholete, you fairest one,
'Tis for you I am in the wood ;
Chase I neither hart nor boar,
'Tis for you I track the spoor.
Your blue eyes, you fairest one,
Your bright smile and your sweet words
Unto death have smit my soul.
Please it God, the Father strong,
I shall see you yet once more,
 Sweet sister, love ! "

"LE LAC."

FROM LAMARTINE.

So, driven alway toward some unknown clime,
Into eternal night borne swift away,
We may not ever in the sea of time
Anchor a single day.

O Lake, the year has scarce yet wholly flown,
Near these loved waves she fain had seen once
more :
Behold, I come alone, and on this stone
Sit, where she sat before.

Thus didst thou murmur 'neath those rocks below,
Thus 'gainst their worn and rugged sides didst
beat,
And thus the wind thy wavelets' spray didst throw
Over her dear, dear feet.

One eve,—rememberest thou?—we silent sailed ;
No sound above, none on thy waves did brood ;
Only the rowers' measured stroke prevailed
In thy re-echoing flood.

When suddenly a voice earth knew not of,
Fell on the echoes of the enchanted strand ;
The waves gave ear ; the voice which best I love
Spake thus in accents bland :

“Pause in thy flight, O Time, and you, ye Hours-
so bright,
Rest on your hurrying way ;
O let us taste the quickly fading, sweet delight
Of this our fairest day !

“Unhappy ones enough cry on you here below.
Speed on for them, the sad,
And take ye with their days the griefs that bind
them so—
Only forget the glad !”

"THE DEAD HEART."

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. A. NAAFF.

NAUGHT makes me glad, naught makes me sad,
For dead the heart I cherished ;
And love and hate, and joy and woe,
Are all within me perished.

I plain no more, I smile no more,
Know neither grief nor gladness,
Yet oft a dull vague thought "How long?"
Steals through my brain in sadness.

How long shall this dead heart of mine,
Unresting, still earth cumber?
Take comfort, for e'en it at last
The grave shall call to slumber.

GHAZEL.

YÚNUS IMRE (1300).

COME and let us two be comrades, come and let us
seek the Loved One ;
Come and let us two be helpmates, come and let
us seek the Loved One.

Come and guide me on our faring ; to the Friend
be our repairing ;
Cast aside all dule and caring, come and let us seek
the Loved One.

Let us quit the world together, cheated not, for it
doth wither ;
Let us two be parted never, come and let us seek
the Loved One.

Soothly is the world unstable ; ope thine eye, thy
soul is sleeping ;
Unto us be fere and comrade, come and let us seek
the Loved One.

Ere the clutch of Fate impel us, ere the voice of
Death do hail us,
Ere that 'Azrá'il assail us, come and let us seek
the Loved One.

Let us see the loyal lover, tidings of The Truth
to gather,
Let us find the lover Yúnus, come and let us seek
the Loved One.

FROM REBÁB NÁME.

SULTÁN VELED (1312).

I.

HOLD by God, that so thou mayst abide for aye ;
Beg thou aidance of the Lord both night and day.
Praying, say to Him, a-weeping dolefully :

“Through Thy grace divine do Thou have ruth
on me ;

“That I see Thee clearly, ope my eyen wide ;

“That I drop-like fall mid-most the sea, and bide.

“E’en as when the drop into the sea doth run,

“Two they rest not, drop and sea become but one.

“So would I, e’en as that drop, become the sea ;

“Die not, but e’en like the sea, alive would be !”

Mazed and wildered at these words the wise
abide :—

“How then hath the creature the Creator spied ?”

“No man sees that Face,” ’tis thus I answer these,

“It is his own self reflected that he sees.

“ God the Lord doth give to him of His own Light,
“ By that Light doth he the Lord God clearly sight.”
So far may the letters hold the Verities.
By these Words it is that soar aloft the wise,
Understanding how 'tis God that seeth God,
How it is the Light of God that seeketh God!

.

II.

Happy yonder soul whose very soul is Love,
And whose service on this Path is naught but
Truth!

Dead the loveless soul must needs be held, I say ;
Needs must find one who a Lover is straightway,
That he make the soul in thee alive through Love;
Ay, that through his radiance flee this darkness off;

That he make thee, e'en as he is, true and leal ;
That he pardon through his mercy all thine ill.
Seek thou eager in the world for such an one ;
Hold him fast and sure, and let all else be gone.
Such as hold him fast and sure, earth's Lords are
they—

Nay, it is through them that earth alive doth stay.
Earth is as the body, as its soul such are.

Look within the body, where's the soul? say,
where?

All may see the body, none the soul may see ;
Never asks the wise of how the soul may be.
Viewless is the soul, that eyes should see its face ;
'Tis not body, that it stand in yonder place.
Leave this eye, with Insight then the soul regard,
Even as thine understanding sees each word,

Different eyes for every different thing there be ;
Yea, thou hast an hundred eyes, and all do see.
Thus the ear is e'en the eye for speech, and well
Can the ear becoming speech from graceless tell.
In the body is the mouth, for taste the eye,
'Twixen sweet and bitter well can it descry.
Look on every thing, then, with the eye therefor,
That thou mayest see, nor fall afar forlore.
One must look upon the soul with soul for eyes.
Seekest Soul?—then from the Body must thou rise.
Glory seek'st?—turn Glory then for Glory's sake!
Houri seek'st?—turn Houri then for Houri's sake!
Well thou knowest horse doth ne'er with camel
pair ;
As the evil-worker hath not good for share.

G H A Z E L .

BURHÁN-UD-DÍN (1400).

How shall I live on, ah, how afar from thee ?
Know not I what I shall do, afar from thee.

O my Liege, from forth mine eyen pour the tears ;
Poor am I, as beggar low, afar from thee.

Thou wouldst have my heart, I give my life instead ;
Hard I'd hurt my heart all through, afar from thee.

Sad and woeful for each hair that thou dost wear ;
To a hair I'd wear me too, afar from thee.

Lo, my eyes have entered my heart's blood, alack !
Fain of my eyes' blood I go, afar from thee.

To thy life my life is joined, O Beauty bright,
Like unto a veil I show, afar from thee.

Far from thee, ah, far from thee, I burn alway ;
Think not I am heedless, no, afar from thee.

QUATRAINS.

NESÍMÍ (1417)

THOU who lookest everywhere The Truth to see,
In thyself abides The Truth, yea e'en in Thee.
Ne'er the faithless shall the Prophets' Secret see ;
Such sweet-savoured wine is not the demon's fee.

From The Truth I'm come ; " I am The Truth ! "

I cry.

Truth am I, The Truth is in me, Truth I cry.
Look ye how these mysteries uncouth I cry.
Sooth am I, and all the words are sooth I cry.

Plunged have I amid the Sea that shore hath none ;
Fall'n am I upon the Pain that cure hath none ;

Seen have I the Moon which hath nor fleck nor
flaw ;

Found have I the Treasure-hoard that store hath
none.

Tired and weary of the worldly folk my heart ;
Up from sleep of heedlessness awoke my heart ;
Shamed of having hurt The Truth, is broke my
heart ;
Now unto The Truth alone doth look my heart.

Come and plunge thee deep beneath Love's ocean-
tide,
'Mid the Secret of the Unity abide.
Be not Satan, fall not into guile and pride ;
Bow to Adam, cast thy haughty thoughts aside.

Verily The Truth in every thing I see ;
 Lose not thou The Truth, unless no thing thou be.
 Whoso knoweth not The Truth, a rebel he.
 Come, for lo, the flood hath swept thy barque from
 thee.

God Most High as very Son of Man is seen.
 Thirty-two the Words are of God's Speech, I ween.
 Know that all the universe is God's own Self.
 Man is yonder Soul whose Face the sun is e'en.

“KHUSREV, LET THY HEART BE MERRY.”

PRINCE JEM (1495).

KHUSREV, let thy heart be merry, yield thee ever
to liesse,
For at last must earth's fair palace fall in ruins,
woe is me !
They who rule o'er this world's Kingdom, whether
East or whether West,
Be they Solomons or Alexanders, nought but
guests they be.
He alone is King, unto whose Being cometh ne'er
decline,
He the Mighty, the Creator, He, the Ever-
lasting, He !
His it was to bid the world arise with but one
single word,
His 'twill be again with but one word to bid it
cease to be.

ODE ON SPRING.

MESĪHĪ (1512).

HARK the nightingale's sweet burden : " Now have
come the days of Spring."
Spread they fair in every garden feasts of joy, a
maze of Spring ;
There the almond-tree its blossoms silver scatters, -
sprays of Spring :
Gaily live, for quick will vanish, biding not, the
days of Spring.

Once again with many flow'rets gaily decked are
mead and plain ;
Tents for pleasure have the blossoms raised in
every rosy lane.
Who can tell, when Spring hath ended, who and
what may whole remain ?—
Gaily live, for quick will vanish, biding not, the
days of Spring.

.

With the fragrance of the garden so imbued the
 musky air,
Every dew-drop ere it reaches earth is turned to
 attar rare ;
O'er the parterre spread the incense-clouds a
 canopy right fair :
Gaily live, for quick will vanish, biding not, the
 days of Spring.

Whatsoever the garden boasted, smote the black
 Autumnal blast,
But, to each one justice bringing, back hath come
 Earth's King at last ;
In his reign joys the cup-bearer, round the call
 for wine is past :
Gaily live, for quick will vanish, biding not, the
 days of Spring.

DESCRIPTION OF AUTUMN.

LAMI'Í (1531).

O COME, sad heart, 'tis meditation's day ;
The airs breathe cool, afield 'twere sweet to stray.
The sun hath, Joseph-like, passed to the Scales,
The year's Zelikhā oped her golden bales !
The quince's face, by winds bronzed, sun-like glows,
The vine her Pleiadean clusters shows.
With saffron are the meadow-lands bedyed,
Ablaze with gold the treen on every side.
Earthward the gilded leaves in showers stream,
And all the rivulets with gold-fish teem.
Aflame each tree, a gleaming lowe it soars,
And so the fiery rain from heaven pours.
Amid the yellow leaves black crows galore—
A tulip, saffron-hued, with searèd core.
E'en as a tawny bird is every tree,
It shakes itself and sheds its plumery.
Each vine-leaf paints its face with golden ink ;
The brook doth argent silver anklets link.
With henna-tinted hands the plane doth bide,
The meadow-region's heart-alluring bride.
The greeny tree doth, like the starry sky,
Hurl at the earth-fiend meteors from on high.

GHAZEL.

IS'HAQ (1542).

But for yearning for my loved one, patient every
 woe I'd bear ;
What could work the dear one's rigour, were no
 rival's malice there ?

'Tis no sorrow that those glances spill our blood
 and waste our peace ;
But for these, 'twere grief of heart to yield our life
 for yonder fair.

How thus ever should the bulbul wail in concert
 with my sighs,
Did the rose not aye companion with the thorn in
 mid parterre ?

Ne'er had I been broken-hearted, neither had my
soul been vexed,
Had my fortune not shown darkling, even as thy
musky hair.

Never had my heart inclined to wander 'mid the
garth, my love,
Were no sympathizing comrade of a bulbul dwelling there.

Dear one, but for these my verses, who would rue
on Is'hāq's plight,
Tell the story of his anguish, and to thee his case
declare?

GHAZEL.

SULTAN BĀYEZĪD (1561).

WITH longing fond and vain why make my weary
soul to mourn?

Nought of the world's desire abides now in my
heart forlorn.

Have done with thought and care thereof, O Bird,
my Soul! for lo,
This cage, the body, falls to wrack, with years and
dolour worn.

The jangling of the bells of yonder caravan address
To Death's dim land, O Heart! e'en now hard on
mine ear is borne.

Be heedful; ope thine eyes and gaze with truth-
beholding sight;
Nor look on any brake, or brere, or ant, or fly,
with scorn.

What woe may tide to Shahi, sick of heart and
stained of sin,
If thou, O Grace of God! reach hand to aid him,
sad and lorn?

GHAZEL.

SULTAN SULEYMAN I. (1566).

NOUGHT among the folk is holden like to Fortune
fair to see ;
But no worldly fortune equal to one breath of
Health can be.

That which men call Empire, is but world-wide
strife and ceaseless war ;
There is nought of bliss in all the world to equal
privacy.

Lay aside this mirth and frolic, for the end thereof
is death ;
If thou seek a love abiding, there is nought like
piety.

Though thy life-days were in number even as the
desert sand,
In the Sphere's hour-glass they'd show not as a
single hour, ah me !

O Muhibbī, if thou long for rest, withdraw from
cares of earth ;
There is ne'er a peaceful corner like the hermit's
nook, perdie !

L A D Y R E B I ' A .

AZÍZÍ (1585).

REBĪ'A is a Chinese Idol fair,
 Who doth the nick-name of White Pigeon bear.
 She puts to shame the full moon by her face ;
 " Dove " - like it flies a-yearning for her grace.
 If of self-nourishment my soul be fain,
 Then let it mate, nor single still remain.

J E M Ī L A O F T H E F A I R H A N D S .

ANOTHER is Jemila, Fair of Hand,
 In " beauty " like unto an houri bland.
 To reach her grade how should the bright moon
 try ?—
 No pearl may merit in her " palm " to lie.
 Me she forgets, others in mind to bear ;
 Grace from the " hand " of yonder unkind " fair " !

“WERE NOT THE SOUL.”

HÁLETÍ (1631).

WERE not the Soul undone by hope and fear,
Till the Last Day had ruled the Primal cheer.

How should the bird-heart ever leave to plain
While bloom the roses of desire's herbere?

Think on the end a moment, Háletí,
Noble as Reason's stately rider be.

With hand uplifted and with skirt unspread,
In Fancy's love-bower gather roses free.

RUBÁ'Ī.

FUZULI (1555).

IF thou desire thy love, self-love forego;

If thy desire be self, thy love forego.

With love of self, may never a love be gained;
So love thereof, or love hercof forego.

MUKHAMMES.

NABI (1712).

NOR smiling floret, nor dew-drop is mine in this
 gay parterre ;
Nor traffic, nor merchandise, nor coin in this busy
 fair ;
Nor might, nor power to possess, nor more nor
 less, for e'er ;
Nor strength nor life apart, nor wound nor balm to
 my share :
 O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
 workshop here !

The life is the gift of God, and existence a grant
 divine,
The breath is of Mercy the boon, and speech is of
 Grace the sign,
The body is built of the Lord, the soul is the
 Breath benign,
The powers are the trust of Might, the senses
 Wisdom's design.
 O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
 workshop here !

And nought to do in this workshop for myself alone
have I ;

No separate life is mine, all is His afar and anigh.
No choice was mine as to come to the world or
from hence to hie ;

No reason to cry I am ! I am ! in my hands doth
lie.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

The earth is the carpet of Power, and the sky the
pavilion of Might,

The wandering stars and the fixed are Nature's
flambeaux alight.

The world is the wonderful issue of Mercy's trea-
sure bright ;

With the pictured pages of life is the Book of
Omniscience dight.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

Existence we hold in trust, and our life is a
borrowed loan.

In His slaves were the boast of rule as a claim to
share with the One.

The service due by the slave is in lowly obedience
shown.

That He deign to call me "my slave," 'tis a fair
and a gracious boon.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

I'm poor and I'm empty of hand, yea, but bounty
free is of God ;

Non-being's my only attribute, the while to be is
of God.

For being's and non-being's birth the almighty
decree is of God.

The roll of the waves on the Seen and the Unseen's
boundless sea is of God.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

Nought may I take to myself unallotted from wet
or dry ;
From the land or yet from the ocean, from the
earth or yet from the sky
The gold or the silver will come which by Fortune
hath been laid by ;
None other thing may I grasp than my destiny
doth supply.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

The lines of the waves of events are the work of
the Master's pen,
Illumed in the Master's studio is the scroll of the
Worlds the Twain ;
The warp and weft of the Master's robe wraps
earth and sky again,
The painted shapes in the Master's Book of Kings
are the forms of men !
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

If the eye of insight be opened, as the vision of
God 'twill know

The endless shiftings and changes that all things
undergo ;

The display of the Hidden Treasure is this ocean's
restless glow,

This toil and travail of Nature, this glorious pomp
and show.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this
workshop here !

DYING SPEECH OF A HERO TO HIS FRIEND.

SÁBIT (1712).

O FRIEND, as Messiah kind (quoth he),
Forgive me if e'er I have injured thee.
In the cave of my love is delight the light,
And death unto me seemeth passing bright.
Surrendered for love be all that is!
A thousand lives for a death like this!
Think not this is death whereto I'm doomed;
'Tis to be in the nuptial couch entombed.
With many a Khizr's life I'd buy
For a Fount of Life like this to die.
Good sooth, if I give my life for her,
My bones shall nourish the Humā fair!¹
If union with her I ne'er may gain,
A joy to my soul will be parting's pain.

The dule of her love will suffice for me,
And in union's stead shall her mem'ry be.
Of her mole doth the memory haunt my eye,
Which is turned to her garden-close thereby.
The heart is the vase for her jacinth hair ;
How might the lily find entrance there ?
My soul with the hosts of parting drear
Doth battle ; each hair on my frame's a spear.
Breathed on my breast hath Love's ancient sage,
And for dole of Humā are my bones a cage.
If aught with the Lord thou mayest gain,
Pray that my soul e'en now be ta'en.
A disciple true of the Path I'd be,
Let me pay my debt and wander free.
Ah ! where is the sword ?—I am ready now,
And my blood-stained shift will be shroud enow.

G H A Z E L.

NEDÍM (1730).

Is't the chirp of the harp, Cup-Bearer, that hath
 stol'n my wits away,
Or the rose-red bowl, I marvel, that thy dainty
 hands convey?

Those glances so bright and keen are the prelude
 to all thine airs ;
Are thy eye and thy viol attuned, O minstrel blithe
 and gay?

Can it be thy rubies bright and pure, or a precious
 bale
By the rieving zephyr's hand untied in the garden-
 way?

Thou hast clad it with veil of shame from thy own
dazzling cheek ;
O Child of the Grape !¹ wouldest filch from that
roseate face the ray ?

Doth it hide not away, O love, in a little secret
smile,—
That mouth o' thine that it shows so small? by
Allah ! say.

How comes it thou meltest not for delight of that
fresh spinel ?
Alack, is thy heart of stone ? O ruby cup ! I pray.

What limner of strange device may this be, Nedim,
unless
The Erzheng pencil² hath taught to thy reed its
own display ?

SHARQI.

NEDÍM (1730).

LET us deal a little kindly by this heart fulfilled of
woe ;

Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.
See, the six-oared caique waits us at the landing-
stage below.

Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.

Let us go and let us play, and the time let us
redeem,

From the new-made fountain there let us drink of
sweet Tesnīm.¹

Let us watch the drops of life from the dragon's
mouth that stream.²

Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.

Let us go and wander there by the lakelet's margin
bright,
Let us gaze upon the palace, on the fair and goodly
sight,
Let us sharqīs sing at times and at times ghazels
recite.
Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.

Get thy mother's leave, pretending 'tis for Friday's
holy prayer,
And we'll filch a day, my darling, from the cruel-
hearted Sphere.
We shall slip through quiet streets to the landing-
stage, my dear.
Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.

Only thou and I, my love, and a minstrel sweet of
say,
Though we'll take forlorn Nedīm if my dearest
sayeth yea,
And forego all other feres, wanton beauty, for the
day.
Let us go to Sa'd-abad, waving Cypress, let us go.

TRANSLATION OF THE "MESNEVÉ."

NAHÍFÍ (1738).

Joyous smile, O Love, sweet fashioned, all our own!
Leech by whom our woes and ills away are done!
O thou Medicine of our pride and self-conceit!
Thou who art our Plato and our Galen meet!
High aloft doth soar the earthly frame through
Love;
Dance the hills, inebriate with joy thereof.
When the light of God's own face illumed Sinai,
These the tidings: "Moses fell and swooned away."¹
Had I found a comrade leal, a friend at need,
Fain had I revealed my secret like the reed.
Whosoe'er is twinned from them that ken his
speech
Speechless is, however much he talk or preach.
When the rose is past, the garden's beauty gone,
In the plaining bulbul bides nor wail nor moan.

All is the Beloved, the lover 's but a veil ;
Living the Beloved, the lover dead and pale.
He in whom the fire of Love doth burn not high
Is a bird withouten wings, that may not fly.
How may sense or reason find whereon to stand
Till the Loved One's radiance reach a helping hand?

 This the work of Love,—the Secret to unveil.
Look in burnished mirror, that will tell the tale.
Is the Secret shown not in thy mirror-soul ?
Then its face is rubbed not clear of rust in whole !
Were it cleaned of every stain of rust indign,
Thence would flash the radiance of the Sun Divine !

SHEYKH RIZÁ (1747).

WHAT I have held the ill I now behold to be the
good ;
Than mine own self there is none other ill on earth
below.

LULLABY FROM "BEAUTY AND LOVE."

SHEYKH GHALIB (1799).

SLEEP, sleep, and rest ; for to-night, O Moon,
Shall the cry My Lord ! on thine ear be thrown.
For all its design be yet unknown,
The decree of the star this-wise is shown :
 Burned shalt thou be on the spit of pain !

Sleep for this season without distress ;
The Sphere against thee doth scheme duress :
For cruel it is and pitiless ;
Its aiding thee were an idle guess.
 I fear thou wilt mickle anguish gain.

O Narcisse of love, in slumber lie ;
Clutch Fortune's skirt and for mercy cry ;
With fear and dread ope the inward eye,
The end of the woe with heed descry :
 Thou'lt be as toy by disaster ta'en !

Rest, rest in the cradle peacefully,
A few brief nights from affliction free.
Oh think, I pray, what the end will be :
For milk, it is blood shall be given thee :
 The beaker of harsh reproach thou'lt drain.

Sleep, Jasmine-breast, in the cradle here ;
On this course will bide not the rolling Sphere,
Nor will turn the stars on this-wise for e'er ;
See how they'll deal by thee, my dear :
 Thou'lt be the wheel on the stream of bane.

With wakefulness no communion keep ;
If aidance come, it will come through sleep.
The Sphere will pledge thee in poison deep ;
Thy work will be Ghálib-like to weep.
 The rebeck at Dolour's feast thou'lt plain.

MUSEDDES.

FITNET (1808).

THE vernal cloudlets scatter glistening pearls ath-
wart the earth below,
And all the blossoms issuing forth, the radiance of
their beauty show.
'Tis now the tide of mirth and glee, the time to
wander to and fro ;
The shady trees a fair retreat on all the winsome
ones bestow.
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the
whole wide world doth verdant glow ;
The sweet Springtide is here again, the tulips
and the roses blow.

Behold the roses blushing red as cheeks of love-
some beauties fair,

The fragrant hyacinths show like to youthful
charmners' curling hair ;

And see, upon the streamlet's marge the cypress-
shapes of lovelings rare.

In brief, each spot doth some delight to gladden
heart and soul prepare.

My lord, come forth and view the scene, the
whole wide world doth verdant glow ;

The sweet Springtide is here again, the tulips
and the roses blow.

The garden flowers have oped, and all a-smile the
roses shine for glee,

On every hand the lovelorn nightingales bewail
the dule they dree.

How fair along the garden-walks are gilly-flower
and picotee !

The long-haired hyacinth and jasmine each embrace
the cypress-tree.

My lord, come forth and view the scene, the
whole wide world doth verdant glow ;

The sweet Springtide is here again, the tulips
and the roses blow,

Arise, my Prince, the garden-land hath wonder-
joys in fair array ;

And hark ! the plaintive nightingale is singing on
the rosy spray.

The tender bud will blush for shame whene'er it
doth thy cheek survey.

Arise, and to the garth thy gracious air and cypress
mien display.

My lord, come forth and view the scene, the
whole wide world doth verdant glow ;

The sweet Springtide is here again, the tulips
and the roses blow.

Enow, thy lovers pain no more, of loyal plight the
days are these ;

Of mirth and joy upon the streamlet's margin
bright the days are these ;

So grasp the heart-expanding bowl in hand forth
right, its days are these ;

And Fitnet, come, this couplet fair do thou recite,
its days are these :

My lord, come forth and view the scene, the
whole wide world doth verdant glow ;

The sweet Springtide is here again, the tulips
and the roses blow.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

FAZIL BEY (1810).

O THOU, whose dusky mole is Hindustan,¹
Whose tresses are the realms of Frankistan !
The English woman is most sweet of face,
Sweet-voiced, sweet fashioned, and fulfilled of grace.
Her red cheek to the rose doth colour bring,
Her mouth doth teach the nightingale to sing.
They all are pure of spirit and of heart ;
And prone are they unto adornment's art.
What all this pomp and splendour of array !
What all this pageantry their heads display !²
Her hidden treasure's talisman is broke,
Undone, or ever it receiveth stroke.

GHAZEL.

SUNBUL-ZÁDE VEBHÍ (1810).

HERE with the olden wine to me, freshly fresh and
newly new ;
Call up, Cup-Bearer, our ancient glee, freshly fresh
and newly new.

Though but a child, that wanton gay hath stolen
my will and my wits away ;
An elder needeth a youngling free, freshly fresh
and newly new.

E'en as the rosebud fresh and fair, they freshen
the scar that our bosoms bear,
When they loose the veil on the flowery lea, freshly
fresh and newly new.

What do they do, these ancient lays, to call up
again the olden days?

Minstrel, sing me in sweetest key, freshly fresh
and newly new.

Rosy-bright must be yon ghazel that is cast in an
ancient mould known well ;

Vehbí, it must for freshness be freshly fresh and
newly new.

SHARQÍ.

WÁSIF (1824).

With waist so spare :
Beyond compare ;
Meet praises rare ;
 So passing fair.

Thy visage glows ;
Thy face the rose ;
Thy like who knows ?
 So passing fair.

Come, sweetest, best,
Entwine my breast,
By nought distrest ;
 So passing fair.

With winsome ways,
Thou charm'st always,
Most worthy praise ;
 So passing fair.

O figure slight,
Of beauty bright,
My eyes' delight ;
 So passing fair.

SHARQÍ.

PERTEV PASHA (1837).

LET groups of merry revellers once more the
garden grace ;

'Tis rose-time now, so let the rosy wine go round
apace ;

Let water Jemshíd's beaker's mouth, let us carouse
a space.

'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud
slumber chase ;

Let blush the mirror-wine¹ for shame to see
her rosy face.

Amazed the Narcisse at her dark and languid eyen
rare ;

Amazed the Hyacinth before her tangled clustering
hair ;

Amazed the Rosebud when she doth in hand the
goblet bear.²

'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud
slumber chase ;

Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see
her rosy face.

When 'scape her roguish locks from 'neath her fez
and fall adown,

A sigh escapes with every breath from every
stricken one,

The bulbul-soul begins within the body-cage to
moan.

'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud
slumber chase ;

Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see
her rosy face.

With flute and wine alone for feres have we retired
to-night ;

The flute accompanies our sighs, the wine partakes
our plight.

Come, Petrev, let us with the plaining nightingale
unite.

'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud
slumber chase ;

Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see
her rosy face.

FROM THE QASÍDA OF NOTHINGNESS.

ÁKIF PASHA (1846).

To muse upon the draught of Nothingness fresh
 life on man bestows ;
Is life's elixir then the elixir Nothingness's glass
 bestrews ?
When with the eye intent one scans the entity of
 Nothingness,
To man the plain of Nothingness like Paradise's
 garden glows.
But nay, I err, how were it meet to liken this to
 Paradise?—
Far other are the bliss and peace the realms of
 Nothingness disclose.
For let us grant that there in Heaven all manner
 of delights abound,
The gifts of Nothingness need not enjoyment's
 weary stress like those.
If anywhere, 'tis there alone, and if not there, 'tis
 nowhere, no ;—

Then yearn and long for Nothingness, if so be
thou desire repose,
Nor grief nor woe, nor pain nor pang, nor any
stress of hope or fear ;
Right fitting were it did the world the quest of
Nothingness propose.
If but for once its billows surged, straightway were
all existent things
O'erwhelmed within the boundless deep of Nothing-
ness that silent flows.

The nourice—Fortune would provoke the chil-
dren of the sphere¹ to pride
Did not the tutor—Nothingness continual chastise-
ment impose.²
It may not be contained within the ring of space;
what knoweth he
Of Nothingness's realm sublime who 'neath the
Empyrean goes ?
Idle and vain the zealot's brag of being while
the iron grasp
Of Nothingness is clutching fast his collar though
he little knows.

Through graving of the writer turns the seal, I
pray, a writer too?—

Meseemeth here a hint of Nothingness to them
existent shows.

Let not that inexistent heart fret over earthly
wants or cares

While ready the provision vast that Nothingness
doth aye expose.

Its own existence unto every being is a load of bane,
But Nothingness's subjects dwell at peace from all
distress and woes.

Spend forth thy being then if thou be wise in
truth, go, and be nought ;

Ay, yearn and long for Nothingness, if so be thou
desire repose.

We were but infants when we came to this sad
land of being, else

To leave the old familiar home of Nothingness we
ne'er had chose.

We'd known of rest in sooth, had but the world
into non-being sprung

While in its stead the far-extending plain of Noth-
ingness arose.

Asunder had I rent the robe of life full many a
year ago
But that upon its train the stamp of Nothingness
embroidered glows.
So weary of existence I that to my sorrow-laden
heart
The dreary waste of Nothingness as my beloved
homeland shows.
The dayspring of the morn of everlasting life
before my eyes
Is pictured by the darkling floods that Nothingness's
night compose.
The star of my desire o'erclimbeth ne'er the far-
horizon-line,
Though Nothingness's pregnant night brings forth
each day a thousand shows.
Could any bear with this, could any soul endure
this bitter strain,
But that the physic—Nothingness relief from life
at length bestows?

TO AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

SHINÁSÍ (1871).

'Tis meet that on my heart the image of thy form
I trace

E'en as the artist on his canvas limns an angel's
face.

I marvel, is it thy fair face, or is it thy sweet
soul,

That to his heart who looks on thee reveals
Celestial grace?

QUATRAIN OF CONDOLENCE.

SHINÁSÍ (1871).

MAY the God of might and glory deck the Heavenly
garden-close
With the fruitage of thy heart that Death now in
the dust bestows !
Ah ! how Death is like the bitter blast that all
untimely blows,
Tearing from the branch the blossom which amid
the mire it throws.

My being doth to my Creator's being witness bear ;
Superfluous were other proofs, however strong
they were.

TERJÎ' - BEND.

ZIYÂ (1880).

How passing strange a school this workshop of
Creation shows!

Its every fabric doth some script of the Unknown
expose.

The whirling heaven is a mill whose yield is agony;
Bewildered man is e'en the grain it grinds the while
it goes.

Like to a demon fierce and fell its offspring it
devours:

How strange a nest doth this old hostelry of earth
disclose!

If one should heedful scan the shows of all existent
things,

Behold a dream, a phantasy, a tale of joys and woes.
All things soever in the world are borne towards
an end;

Spring into Autumn glides, and Summer's heat to
Winter's snows.

Belike 'tis man will never win Eternal Truth unto;
All faiths and creeds appear to reason vague and
futile shows.

O wherefore, Lord, is all this bitter stress and
strife of pain

The while a crust of bread is all the need man
really knows ?

There is no buckler underneath yon dome of tur-
quoise hue ;¹

Each atom is the butt 'gainst which fierce Fate his
arrows throws.

The scheme of the Everlasting Will is working out
its end ;

But means are all the seeming good and ill that
e'er arose.

All things existent are the workings of some
mighty Power ;

No circlings of the Heaven's wheel, no tricks of
Fortune, those.

“Glory to Him before whose work all
intellect is dazed !

Glory to Him before whose might the
wisest stand amazed !”

At times the sun, at times a star, yea, e'en at times
a storm
Has been the trusted god 'fore which a race has
fallen prone.
Now to the calf, and now to fire, Ormuzd and
Ahriman,¹
And now to darkness, now to light, have worship's
rites been shown.
Of old time Beauty, Wisdom, Love were all 'as
gods revered ;²
For many a year in every land were idols served
alone.
At length the season came wherein God's Unity
was learned,
But e'en through that a thousand strifes, disputes
and feuds were sown.
The mind now thought Creator and Created one,
now two,
Believed now endless difference, now final union.

Some held the Substance manifold, the Attributes
as one,

Then in one Origin did many an origin depone.
Each one desires to shape a God conformable unto
Those thoughts and aspirations which in truth are
all his own.

As different as mind and matter each from other is,
So different the varied faiths and creeds the world
hath known.

How passing strange that every folk holds others'
creeds for foe,

And deems the way of righteousness belongs to it
alone,

While yet with all this difference the aim of every
sect

Is but with true devotion one Creator's rule to own !

“Glory to Him before whose work all
intellect is dazed !

Glory to Him before whose might the
wisest stand amazed !”

“EACH LOVELY PICTURE.”

EKREM BEY.

EACH lovely picture soul-entrancing
 Is a flash from the glory Eternal thrown ;
Each lofty verse with wisdom glancing
 Is a point from the Scripture Eternal shown ;
Each tender strain sweet love enhancing
 Is a chord from the Rebeck Eternal blown,
All lovely things the Soul befriending—
O Lord, are these not Theeward tending?

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

'ABD-UL-HAQQ HĀMID BEY.

[NOTE.—The following verses are the work of 'Abd-ul-Haqq-Hāmid Bey, a very distinguished Ottoman poet, at present attached to the Embassy in London. Hāmid Bey was recently present at the house of one of his English friends when a number of *tableaux vivants* were displayed, in one of which the little daughter of the hostess represented an angel. On his return home the Bey wrote this poem, in translating which I have retained the rhyme-movement and outward form of the Turkish original.—E. J. W. Gibb, 1886.]

O BLESSED child, whose lovely eyes display,
In very truth, a glimpse of Heaven above,
'Twere but thy beauty's meed, if we should say
Thou art a ray from the orient of love.
The aged from thy youth a glory gain,
As oceans rise and swell from drops of rain.

An angel's vesture is thy garment sheen,
It well befits the wearer wonder-bright ;
The seraph-host, through thine all-gracious mien,
Acquire a true existency to-night.
While yet thy heart knows nought of grief or sighs
What means that sadness in thy gentle eyes ?

Although the vision shown to us by thee
Was well-nigh fleeting as the lightning-gleam,
Its memory in my heart shall ever beam ;
For Heaven, at last, has been conceived by me.
Who deems a child a little thing to be ?
A child is 'mong the greatest things to me.

An angel thou, my child, however dight ;
All lovely things are raimenture for thee.
The breezes thirst to kiss thee, fair and free ;
Thou art a flower in thine own garden bright.
Thou mindest me of verses pure and gay
That sport and frolic with the rhymes in play.

Along with thee from London there shall go
 A glory new to Turkish poetry ;
And therein Time, in season due, shall show
 A beauty and a radiance like to thee.
Live on in thy sweet grace, O maiden meek ;
In need of thee stand both the strong and weak.

The artist's pencil and the poet's pen
 Find inspiration in thy radiant face.
O rose, thy mother's springtide smiles again,
 When ope the beauties of thy blooming grace.
Who hath created thee so passing fair ?
Smile, and our morrow e'en to-night declare.

The wafts of perfume from thy wings that stream
 Drive from our bosoms all our griefs and woes ;
Through love of thee a thousand visions gleam
 Athwart the moonlight in our hearts that glows.
O angel of our dreams of dear delight,
Thou hast illumed our souls and blest the night.

“FARE THEE WELL.”

SULEYMÁN CHELEBI (1403).

FARE thee well! O Soul, most tender! Fare thee
well!

Fare thee well! O Moon of splendour! Fare thee
well;

Fare thee well! O Sovran of the Lover-band!

Fare thee well! O Lord! O King of every land!

Fare thee well! O Nightingale of Beauty's bower!

Fare thee well! O Loved One of the Lord of
Power!

Fare thee well! O Union Pearl of lustre bright!

Fare thee well! O Motive of the Glorious Light!

Fare thee well! O Sovereign! O Monarch mine!

Fare thee well! O Balm for every pain and pine!

By you all from Mustafà be warning ta'en !
Ne'er an one of us, by God, shall here remain.
Howsoever long may any's life aby,
At the end this surely is his work—to die.
Come, then, and for death prepare, be ready dight,
That your faces in the Presence there be white.
From thy hand, O Death, alack ! ah, woe is me !
Neither King nor beggar e'er may win him free.
Woe is me, from yonder Prophet parted far !
Woe is me, for yonder Leader yearning sore !
Unto all of them who happy be and wise
Death for preacher and for counsel doth suffice.
So thou seekest from the fire to win thee free,
Say with love and fear : Be blessings unto thee !

NOTES.

PAGE

- 76—¹ "My bones shall nourish the Humā fair." Playing on the lady's name, and alluding to the legend of the humā-bird living upon bones.
- 79—¹ "O child of the grape." The daughter of the vine, *i.e.*, wine.
- „ —² "Erzheng pencil." Erzheng, or Erteng, is the name of the studio and also of the collected paintings of Mānī, the famous Persian painter of antiquity. The idea here is, of course, that the poet's fancies are as beautiful as the pictures of this renowned artist.
- 80—¹ "Tsnīm." The river of Paradise.
- „ —² "Dragon's mouth," refers to some ornamental fountain.
- 82—¹ "Moses fell and swooned away." A quotation from the Koran.
- 89—¹ Hindustan is mentioned here on account of the connection between the English, whom the author is about to describe, and India.
- „ —² An allusion to the extravagant headdresses worn by English ladies at the close of the eighteenth century.
- 93—¹ "Mirror-wine." The wine in the bowl mirrors the face of the drinker.
- „ —² "Amazed the rosebud." The twig bearing the bud is sometimes compared to the arm with the hand carrying the goblet.
- 96—¹ "Children of the Sphere," *i.e.*, mankind.
- „ —² By destroying them.
- 102—¹ "Von dome of turquoise hue." The sky.
- 103—¹ "Ormuzd and Ahriman." The Principles of Good and Evil with the Zoroastrians.
- „ —² By the ancient Greeks.

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